Volume IX Chicago, Ill., September, 1932 Number 6

The Liberalist

COURAGE

Three things have taught me courage—
Three things I've seen today:
A spider re-weaving her web,
Which thrice had been swept away;
A child refusing to weep,
In spite of a cruel pain;
A robin singing a cheering song
In the midst of a chilling rain.

—Charles C. Albertson.

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The Peoples Church

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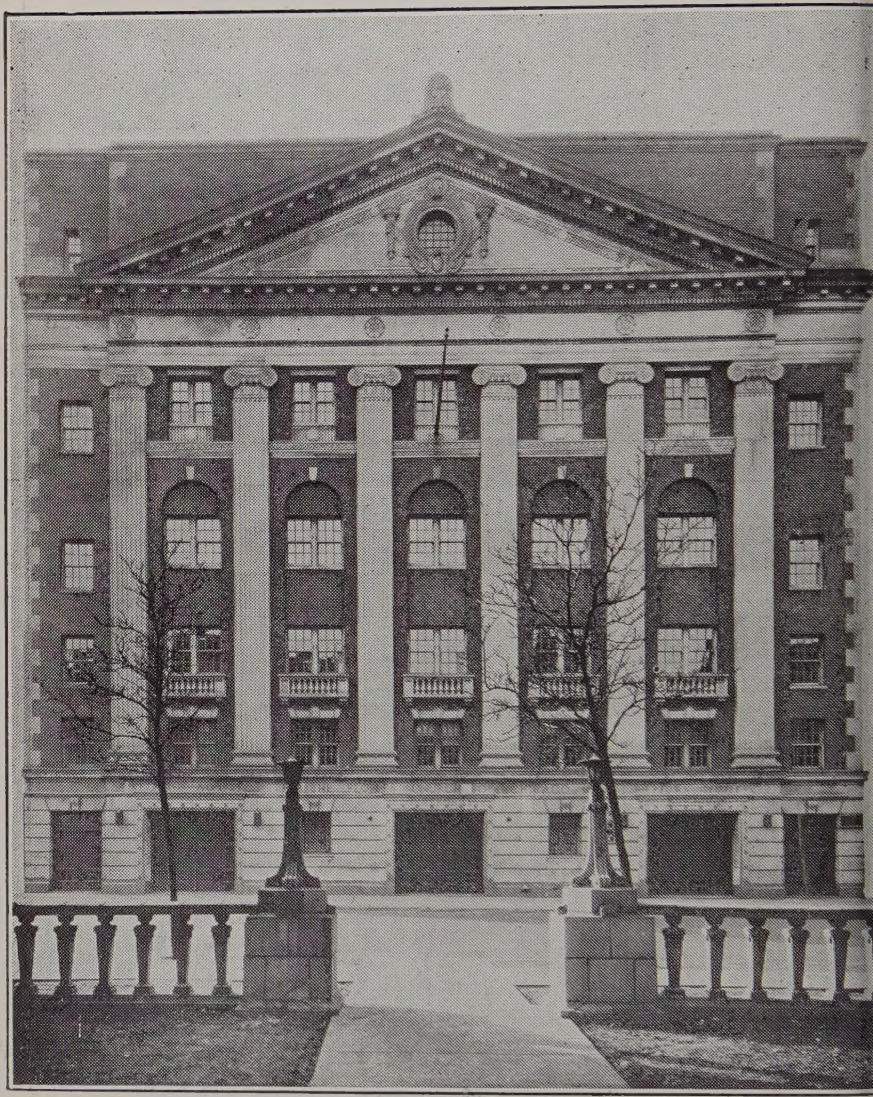

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE. Near Sheridan Road.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume IX Chicago, Ill., September, 1932 Number 6

MEDITATION

"Infinite and divine Love, as we search among all the words that we know and understand to find one which would be adequate and sufficiently comprehensive to circumscribe the feelings of our heart this morning, that one word would be 'gratitude.'

We are grateful with a sense of gratitude that defies articulation. We look into our own lives and we wonder why these opportunities and blessings come our way. We have crossed miles of earth and sea, have passed through experiences of danger, bitterness and inspiration and wonderment; we have tarried amongst peoples of foreign culture, foreign faiths and ideals, our lives have been oriented with the consciousness of the necessity for deeper understanding and a more sympathetic approach to the world wide problems of humanity.

Now, after these many weeks and months have passed, destiny and the star of our life and hope have safely brought us again to stand in this beloved pulpit which we have loved for so many years and to face the welcoming hearts and fine countenances of hundreds of our friends and those we esteem and respect and love.

And so, out of all of this searching of life's richness and all of its beauteous bounty, thou great heart of eternal and everlasting power, we would ask that our hearts and our lives might be worthy of all this expression of thy love and considerateness.

Out from the battlements of thy eternal habitation may our souls be wafted, may our bodies be strengthened, may our hearts be sympathetically tuned, may our minds be capable of heroic and constructive thinking that the responsibility of the leadership of this institution may never, for one moment, be deflected from the high purposes with which it captivates our dreams and our lives.

To thy Heart we would ask for strength and light and understanding and sympathy. Forbid that the ease or the refinements of life, or the comforts of life, or to meet the favors of men, or their plaudits, forbid that it all should ever influence or disturb the reality of our search for truth and the responsibility of uttering that truth to the best of our ability.

Infinite and everlasting, divine and eternal Light center, with thy beauty and thy power, into every life here and in every life listening. In this moment of consecration and dedication, this sacred moment of communion with Thee, we would ask thy great magnificent Heart of Love to remember all who have passed through the deep and dark valley of suffering and pain since we last met. Particularly enter the portals of those homes, homes that we knew and loved that have been visited by the messenger of dissolution since last we met, and those friends that were here and now will never be here again in the manifestation of the

flesh. To every heart that has felt the anguish and the sorrow of death and the awfulness of losing loved ones, may they see through the mists of their tears and the haunting shadows of pain until the enfoldment of perfect love shall efface every shadow and dispel every sorrow. Our own home that was touched by the same visitor, since last we met here, has deepened and intensified all this for us. So, to all the broken and disillusioned hearts that shall come in touch with this service, may this be such a moment of inspiration, such a renewal of strength, such an increase of vigor, that we shall all go out and back to the tasks of life fortified in body, strengthened in soul, to perform our mission and to fulfill our destiny until that day shall dawn for us, the infinite and everlasting dawn, that shall never be painted by the colors of sunset or tinged by the deepness of night. Until then, show us our task, and until then, teach us how to go."

"WHAT ARE WE FACING?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, September 18, 1932

"There are times when one, who is attempting to be creative with words, diligently seeks for words which will be refreshing not so much in their newness, but rather being unique in choice of expression to convey certain ideas, that one counts the privilege and opportunity of finding a word that will be so definite and accurate, so comprehensive and highly descriptive that it shall be just the right word to accurately convey the thought one has. I tried to think of that word in the thought of the prayer which I gave this morning in the devotional period of the service. I am still trying to find the word that means just exactly, in all of its power, the feelings which I have at the moment, and all the words seemed to be, in one way, platitudinous and common and so familiar that the dynamics back of them is probably lost in our hearts.

I wish I could find some word, or some phrase, that would convey to every heart in this great congregation of welcome this morning and to the countless thousands that I shall never know and never see out there in the Land of Radio, just how grateful I am to be back here in this pulpit which I love and which I have served, with all my failures, disappointments and incapacities, for the past twenty years of my life, and this morning I begin twenty-one years of struggle and battle to keep alive the dignity of my own consciousness in regard to the great problems of religion and their relation to life. A problem which, I feel, because of its economic and governmental character, with all the limitations, I am much more familiar with than my most severe critic — I receive letters of very severe criticisms and as I read them I say to myself: 'Well, if they only knew the half of it!' Whatever the most severe criticism may be of my philosophy or my interpretation of religion, it is my effort to do and to be something in this

world so that when I am silenced by the mystery of death something shall have been enhanced as the result of my efforts. I know my weaknesses better than anyone else in all the world, and yet for these past twenty years, in spite of them all, my associations here have been a constancy of encouragement; there have been very many more bright days than cloudy, much more sunshine than rain, loyalty than disloyalty, much more kindness than unkindness, and many more smiles than tears.

And so, with hesitancy, with humility, with a sense of responsibility unprecedented in the past, I approach the winter which is before us, and the twenty-first year of my pastorate in this institution, and I ask, as I do, that you give me for the most part, what you have always given, and that is a graciousness of sympathy and of confidence even when there is an acute disagreement intellectually.

I look out into every congregation of this church and I see people in every service that I know do not accept my philosophy or interpretation of the problems of life, of men and of nations, but I do know that down deep in their hearts and underneath all of the superficial judgments of life, there is a sympathetic balm of understanding and well-wishing which is a constant encouragement to one who battles for liberality in life, liberty and freedom in an age like this. So I shall enter this pulpit, as I have strength to do so, every time I come here with an honest and a sincere effort to say something that shall be a contribution to the solution of the individual problem of individual hearts who attend its services or who are listening. When I fail you, as I will; when I disappoint you, as I must; when I am less than your conception of the best; when I am defective and deficient, please remember that it is all but the accumulation of inability and incapacity and is not the result of defective heart interest or a deflected vision.

So, with these words of consecration and welcome I attempt to express my appreciation to you. We shall begin together this pilgrimage along life's highway. No man can be dogmatic in his utterances as to just what we are facing either as individuals, as a nation, as a world. I don't know what is around the corner of life for me; I do not know what is there for you. Life is so saturated with the mystical qualities that enter so vitally into the experiences of life. Qualities that at times seem to be utterly out of our possession or direction, so that we seem to be buffeted by uncontrollable winds, tossed by unforseen opportunities and fatalized by unknown directions, until none of us can dogmatically or authoritatively affirm, in the midst of this restlessness and undirected life, just what we are facing. It would be presumptuous for me to assume the role of the prophet. Even though it was an intensive study of the seven countries of the world I have visited since last we met, and a study which was not based upon following the usual, ordinary routes of the commercial tourists or travellers, but even though I attempted by putting myself in a pliable receptivity, in the midst of all of those experiences which I have had and the places I have gone and the people I have met and the audiences to which I have spoken—for I spoke to audiences in all of the seven countries visited— the reactions which I feel this morning would necessarily be, even though one might possess a most discriminating sense of choice and a most definite idea of quality, somewhat undogmatic and unconfused.

I come home to you after studying the European scene with every ramification in my control, going from one extreme of the highest institutions of culture, Oxford and Cambridge and the other colleges of the continent and Scandinavia, down to the very lowest of the low which I found in the countless myriads and thousands of human hearts in the slum areas of the great cities of these countries of the world. What I saw of human suffering, human misery, human anguish, human tears, vice, and all that is associated with the anguish of men's souls expressed in terms that, were I to permit the vision to take control of my philosophy separated from a dignity of constructive thinking, it would turn me into an attitude of such antagonism and such criticism and such condemnation of a social, economic and governmental structure of man that would permit these things to be anywhere in the world, for I have seen suffering as I have never seen it before. I have seen broken hearts as I never thought they could be broken. I have seen misery and squalor and stench until if I were to dwell long, even across the perspective of memory, upon some of this anguish, it would seem that only words of fatalism could be answered to the question 'What Are We Facing?' by anyone, anywhere. In spite of education, of culture, of religion, or of the organized conventionalities for the propaganda of the decencies of civilization and of society, that **millions**, not thousands, MILLIONS of beating human hearts just like yours, with human love just like yours, and with human dreams just like yours, should come into this experience of life that ought to be beautiful, that ought to be glorious, that ought to be triumphant, that ought to be gloriously free! That human life, in a constituted society and a social order, can suffer and yet live, as countless thousands, yea, millions of the world are now suffering! If you are sensitive at all to the injustices of life, if you have not lost your conscience, and if you have not depleted and prostituted your reason, if ease and comfort and the flurry and flutter of prosperity based upon fluctuations of stock markets, if you have not lost your reason and are merely to be surfeited by temporary effulgence of a return of a cadent order which will only do one thing, that which comes from that kind of prosperity, we are only working for another decade and then after that decade is gone another disaster which shall only prepare the way for another Insull, which shall only bring in its decadency the highways for other tears, until, as I think of that scene, and of the hearts of men — I do not speak as a demagogue, I hate demagogy, I do not speak with despair, no heart has any greater faith in the potentiality of man than mine so much so that what we are facing in the future will not depend so much upon our faith in God—I wonder sometimes if we have not concentrated too deeply upon faith in God and forgotten that the only articulation that can be given to faith in God is faith in man!

Have we not forgotten sometimes that God, whatever he is, wherever he is, powerful, if God is so powerful—and that, because it is only a gesture in our religious emphasis— I ask that powerful God 'Why?' and I wait for that powerful God to answer! If God in his power, God in his strength, God in his majesty, has not you and me through which to work out his power and his majesty, then God is as helpless as an infant, as a child! That's what I mean! We are the articulate expression of whatever God there is, and that God cannot function in human society, in human government, in human economics, if that God

does not intoxicate my soul and my heart. If you are a God-intoxicated person, how are you going to stop going all the way for what is right and truthful? If God has taken possession of your lives, how are you going to circumscribe him and prevent the fulfillment of the Kingdom of Love? Is your conscience to be eased with the platitudinous utterances of the priest, the minister and the rabbi, on Sunday, and then ride over the bodies of men and women who honestly believed in the integrity of men and of institutions and of governments? Were God ever to be made articulate in human society you would become a coward! Is that ideal ever to be realized while we compromise and shave? If I am standing here, as I want to stand in this pulpit for years to come, is it enough, when I think of what we are facing in the world, that I merely utter a lot of pleasing platitudes graced with the symphony of beautiful music of words, Words, WORDS!

You remember that Socrates once said that oratory was the curse of democracy. Just now the American people are in for another manifestation of the curse. (Laughter) It is only necessary to tune your radio and listen to the 'Grand old party' or the benign, docile old donkey. Together they solve the problems of the nation.

Is it enough that out of the travail of a century and a half of the American struggle to express democracy in terms of achievement, is it enough that we merely repeat the mistakes of yesterday and try to obscure the objectionable things by the ballyhoo of 'Happy Days Are Here Again?' Is that all it means? Twenty-five years, ten years from today another widow will be hungry and lonely with every dollar swept away because men can do with corporations, under an antiquated, rusting, creaking financial law of the United States of America what they would never stoop to do as individuals running a private, personal business!

Is it enough that we merely think of what we are facing on the basis of that sort of recovery? Or is it enough that there should be new leadership, that the thing we are facing is a renewal of confidence, that the thing we are facing is a rebirth of civic pride, that the thing we are facing is the renaissance of Youth? I saw Youth this summer on fire for economic and national recovery, until I made the remark last evening, while talking with a group of college men with whom I had a conference, when they asked me what was the most significant thing happening in Europe today, I replied: 'The interest of the young people of Europe, between the ages of 20 and 30, about the economic recovery of Europe and the world,' and that is the most hopeful thing I did see in all that I saw.

Throughout the winter, as time goes on, I expect, through the sermons of the Sunday evening services, to go into more specific details and study of some of these things. Needless to say, my trip, from the very beginning, was one of most unusual character. It started immediately after the service on the second Sunday of last June, when a dear little old lady came up to me after the service—I could detect very readily that she was Irish (laughter) and I surmise that she had just come from the mass—and said: 'Doctor Bradley, don't start tomorrow! I said, 'Why?' 'It's the thirteenth!' (Laughter) 'Don't you go away on the thirteenth.'

Nevertheless, we were off on the thirteenth, and from then on until we returned it seems as though fate and destiny were throwing interesting and unusual

things in our way. One of the interesting things occurred on the boat going over. Among the passengers were bishops, an archbishop, a Methodist Episcopal Bishop, two Lutherans, one a professor of the Bible at Yale University, and another an Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of the diocese of Chicago who frequently attends our evening services. There was a group of seven. There was to be a religious service on the steamer going over to Europe on Sunday morning, and lo and behold, Mrs. Bradley and I were working one morning in our stateroom when there was a knock at the door, and the gentleman introduced himself as the Methodist Episcopal Bishop of the Chicago diocese. He lives up here in Evanston. He said: 'Doctor Bradley, you know that we are planning a religious service for Sunday morning on the sea,' and I said: 'Yes, I have heard about it.' 'Well, we have decided that we would like to have you preach the sermon,' and I said to him: 'Why, Bishop, that is a great honor.' There was a Swedish preacher by the name of Lindblom, a fine chap. They came in, and I said: 'Why do you want me to preach the sermon?' 'Well,' he said, 'you know here's a Lutheran, an Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, a Serbian Church, I am a Methodist Episcopal, and all these different individuals and religions, and if one of us would preach the people would get an idea that we were exploiting our own doctrine. I know enough about you to know that you haven't any religion or any philosophy.' It was too great an opportunity for me to let pass and I preached the sermon, and if my congregation here could only have seen that service! I went over escorted by the steward to that service and before I knew what was happening, he took me into a little room off from the main salon and he put me in a Lutheran robe, with these white businesses down the front, something like this (demonstrating) (laughter) and I said: 'Is it necessary for me to wear this, you know I am not a Lutheran minister and I don't want to appear what I am not.' 'That is one of the rules of the ship. This is a German ship and a Lutheran ship. If you are going to preach you are going to preach in a Lutheran robe.' My subject was 'A Religion Big Enough For All,' and the longer I preached the better time I had. (Laughter.) There was not, really, any particular place that they could go to, we were out there in the middle of the ocean, and this was ten o'clock in the morning and the moving picture was not to be shown until five o'clock that afternoon, and they figured that they might as well stay there as anywhere. and I preached on 'A Religion Big Enough For All.' Let me say that I come back to my pulpit believing more than before that the one thing in the world that ought to bind us all together, instead of separating us, is religion. My relgion is going to be bigger, not perhaps better, because I don't like that Babbit phrase, but it is going to be larger and more inclusive than it has ever been before. All religions, every one of them, are children of the same God and the same Father. There is no Methodist God, no Roman Catholic God, no Lutheran God, no Unitarian God. There is only one God of human hearts and human love, and I will never raise my voice on behalf of any creed, faith or church that separates me from my fellowmen, and I had the glorious opportunity to say that on the ship. One of the mementoes that I carry very close to my heart in my study at home is a letter. I wish I had brought it so that I could read it to you, but I would have done so had I not thought it was almost too intimate. It said: 'Dear Doctor Bradley: We want to

hank you for the gracious manner in which you presented religion to us this day,' and there were some other undeservedly complimentary phrases, and every one of those men signed it.

I would like to go on and on. I cannot tell it all this morning; if I did you would not come again. I want to take you with me when I went through three riots in Berlin, where two men were killed not farther from me than that basket of flowers (indicating about 6 feet) and I am going to spend a month on the German aspect of this scene. And I would like to take you with me into that great House of Commons, the British Parliament, in the presence of two former Prime Ministers of the British Empire, and listen to that matchless presentation of logic and constructive thinking of Stanley Baldwin in his reply to Lounsberry. Maxton, one of the most decisive minds coming over the dawn of the British Empire, but destined to be one of the most powerful influences on the scene—to hear his reply to the matchless orators. Then I heard a man of such dynamic quality that to hear him and come into the glare of his flashing eyes was like sitting in the presence og a great light—Lloyd George! There, in the House of Parliament, in the distinguished visitors' gallery, where I was privileged to sit, there came to me a thrill that I shall never forget, and an illumination such as I have never had before. Then go through the same thing in Berlin.

Then the interesting people that one meets. It was not everyone on our ship going over that knew there was on board one of the most broken hearted women I have ever known. It was like an experience to be in her presence, a woman to whom money, great wealth, could not bring happiness and peace — Mrs. Dwight Morrow. I lingered in the presence of her attitude and philosophy and saw how utterly inadequate mere money is.

Then to see on the boulevards of Paris an old man, seventy-five years old—old, stooped and broken a man whose name is probably associated with a period of finance in the United States of America that, if it is ever permitted to be repeated again, will spell the beginning of the greatest movement of protest the United States of America has ever known. I am sorry for him, genuinely sorry, but I am not sufficiently sorry but what I can offset $18,000 a year against some of the thousands who have lost everything they had and it is not my sympathy now. No matter how great a man or how powerful a man might be, what is greatness, what is power, what are dollars after all compared to suffering humanity? That shall govern my words this winter to you. I am begging and pleading for America to save just such things, not in condemnation of the man. Don't blame the man. Blame the system! A system permitted by the law very largely in the United States of America, until, in these closing words, my friends, the greatest difficulty is not so much how we are obscuring issues with bonus, prohibition, anything for a smoke screen. We are through with superficial issues. It will not matter so much what one man is elected to the presidency this fall, not much. It will matter who the American people select to make the laws of the United States in the United States Congress at Washington! That's the place to concentrate!

All this furor so that in the midst of all these superficial issues our eyes can be blinded! Those who contribute, as certain contributors have in the past to both campaign funds, know that they are going to receive as they

have in the past, value dollar for dollar. Until now the thing before the American people is—What kind of men and women are you going to send to the United States Congress and Senate? No one President is able, ever has been, or ever will be able to break the American people. Let us not forget that! The only thing that will break or disrupt us will be those who are having the responsiblity of legislation and enforcement.

I would like to tell you so many things, but I have talked long enough, and besides I am not used to it yet. In conclusion I want to tell you about that memorable trip home of five days. I am going to give you some sidelights on a personality that I met there. Chicago was quite excited a few days ago—I have only been back in Chicago 48 hours—but Chicago was all excited about the visit of a young man, Prince Freidrich Wilhelm, youngest son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, and grandson of the former Kaiser. I am always interested to see just how much thrill democracy receives out of royalty. It is always interesting, is it not? A **Prince!** I have not forgotten that illustrious visit of Queen Marie. (Laughter) Prince Freidrich Wilhelm is a fine chap. I spent five days with him, but I could tell you a lot about the philosophy of that young man and the background of what is happening in Germany today. He came to church the last Sunday on the ship. He is not very much interested in royalty at all. The fact is his reactions were very interesting. A young man of absolute culture and refinement! Remember, he was only ten years old when it was 'all over' and the world is full of youngsters today who are twenty, twenty-five that ten and fifteen years ago were only ten. We must consider that in building that newer and better America.

Now I close. I was never so hopeful, never so optimistic. Yes, I was glad too when the stock market started to rise in July and people said: 'Now, the thing is all over!' I wish every man and woman could go back to work at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. But the smokeless smokestacks and the closed mills of the Calumet District are monuments of man's incapacity to take machinery and humanize it sufficiently to produce an industrial order whereby our consumption would never live alongside of overproduction. That is the challenge of the future. Have we industrial leaders ready to face it? Have we scientists ready to face it? Have we religionists ready to show the way? I think we have. We can, all of us, with sympathetic understanding, build a great country, a world, and build it as the final line of 'The Cavalcade' which closes with that imperishable thought: 'Let us build with dignity, with peace and with honor!' Think of that as an ideal!

You say to me: 'What's the use? What's the use? What's the use?' Do you remember E. H. Sothern as a young man? Some of you do. Do you remember he came on the scene shortly after Edwin Booth had played his immortal Hamlet, when he said, when Booth retired in Hamlet and his death came, this young man, Sothern, said: 'I am going to play Hamlet,' and he was ridiculed and the critic went to him and said: 'Mr. Sothern, you? Going to play Hamlet with the memory of the greatest Hamlet of all times fresh in the minds of the American people? Only a few days ago I read his reply and I cherish it, and with it I close. Mr. Sothern replied to his critics: 'I know I can never play Hamlet as Edwin Booth. I know that I can never be another Booth. May I ask you a question. Please tell me what would happen to Shakespeare and to Hamlet if no one ever tried? ' "

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

When September turns the page we have to pull ourselves up with a jerk, and begin to think in terms of bazaar—club programs—church dinners—district meetings—relief stations—clothing for school children—milk funds—committees—boards—and all the things that go to make busy days for the members of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church!

The Club season will be opened with a luncheon at the Copeland Hotel October third. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley having returned from their European trip will be guests of honor, and most happy to greet the members of the Woman's Club on this occasion. Dr. Bradley will be the speaker of the afternoon and Mr. Glenn Most, nephew of Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts a former president of the club, will sing. Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Vice President, T. F. W. C. and Mrs. F. C. Justice, president of Ninth District T. F. W. C. will be guests of honor.

The various bazaar booth chairmen and their groups are having one sewing day a week, and many lovely and practicle things are being made. Aprons, pillowslips, towels and so forth. The bazaar dates are November 9th and 10th. Luncheon and dinner will be served both days at very reasonable prices. It is earnestly hoped we will have the co-operation of all the friends of the church to help make this bazaar a success. A few cannot do it—If everyone will do something—give a little—buy a little—come for dinner—we will be able to give the church some real assistance. No matter how small your purchase it will help.

The Woman's Club has planned some very splendid cultural and helpful programs for the coming season. There are many ladies who come regularly to the church who do not realize what they are missing in not affiliating with this organization. The dues are only $3.00 a year. Not only are the meetings and programs to be enjoyed but of far greater value is the delightful fellowship with the splendid group of women who are working in and for your church. If you who read this are not already a member will you not accept this as a personal and cordial invitation to join? The fellowing poem was written by Willa Jacoby, of the Woman's Club of the University Church of Disciples, and it seems to me particularly apro-pos, and is entitled "What Is Our Woman's Club?"

A loyal group of women true,
Who seek to find and give the best,
Who work at things worth while to do,
And play, sometimes, with merry zest.

* * * * *

What is our Woman's Club?
A plan to put our heads together
To make the world a little brighter,
Where hearts are warmed in stormy weather,
And love makes many burdens lighter.

* * * * *

What is our Woman's Club?
A place where many paths lead out
To fields of service beckoning on—
We dream of better things to be,
And strive to usher in that dawn.

* * * * *

What is our Woman's Club?
A bit of heaven, now and here;
A friend to cheer us on our way,
A vision new, a happy day,
A cause that we hold dear.

G. T. B.

DR. BRADLEY'S DISCUSSIONS

So many requests came last spring for Dr. Bradley's Round Table Discussions which were given by radio over station WMAQ, on Tuesday evenings. They have been published in book form this fall and are available at the Church for twenty-five cents.

Write to The Peoples Church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, should you desire a copy sent by mail, enclosing 30 cents to cover postage. The secretary will be glad to send it to you.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Our School of Religious Education meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 in Channing Hall. There are classes for all ages. The curriculum is based upon the needs of students and is prepared with a careful consideration of the latest methods in religious education. There is a faculty meeting once a month in which the work of the school is reported and plans for betterment and advancement considered. New teachers and students are being enrolled and the school is having its best year. Parents are invited to attend the sessions and become familiar with the work which is being done. We have a Cradle Roll also, and we are very glad to have parents register their children in this department where the child is not old enough to attend the sessions.

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and buds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

—William Henry Channing.

AS WE WERE SAYING:

"Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all—by example."—John Ruskin.

Those who raise flowers find that if they pick them lavishly, the plants will continue to bear many flowers all summer; if they save them carefully and do not allow them to be touched, they will go to seed and wither and die.

Flowers are not the only pleasures that are doubled or trebled if they are shared. Many of the greatest joys of life will shrivel away if we try jealously to keep every bit for ourselves.

Kind words are like jewels—they linger in the memory and will some day return.

By learning the sufferings and burdens of men, I became aware as never before of the life-power that has survived the forces of darkness — the power which, though never completely victorious, is continuously conquering. The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity. The world's great heart has proved equal to the prodigious undertaking which God set it. Rebuffed, but always persevering; self-reproached, but ever regaining faith; undaunted, tenacious, the heart of man labors towards immeasurably distant goals. Discouraged not by difficulties without, or the anguish of ages within, the heart listens to a secret voice that whispers: "Be not dismayed; in the future lies the Promised Land."—

Helen Keller.

"I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Robert Southey.

"He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who can not keep silence has no right to speak."

Elbert Hubbard.

THE GOD WHO SEES THINGS THROUGH

"We're going headlong in the way that is wrong,
Each man for himself and the devil for all;
We gallop along with a ribaldous song;
We're mad," so they say, "and we ride for a fall."
Heigh-ho, maybe so; but that isn't my creed;
I hold there's a God who is bound to succeed.

"Why whisper of peace in sibilant rimes?
Why build in the clouds a fool's brotherhood?
Can't you read all around you the signs of the times?
Art thou blind," so they say, "thou prater of good?"
No, no, hardly so; but I see in the lead
A God who, I know, is bound to succeed.

"Ay, maybe succeed if he wreck all that is,
If he put holy angels in place of wild men,
If the nations he break with the rod that is his,
If he bury the past, and he try it again."
Ho, ho, now, go slow; for I vow 'tis agreed
That the God, who is God, by love must succeed.

"Long ages with him are but as a day,
A mountain a minute is hardly his plan,
If he take time for trees, then I guess we may say
He will doubtless take time in his making of man."
Heigh-ho, then, let's go; let ours be the breed. . . . .
That works with the God who is bound to succeed.

Robert Freeman.

TO PEACE

Elizabeth Goodrich Jordan, Bingham, Maine

O Peace, by prophets, bards long, long foretold,
O Peace, that bringest in the age of gold,

In moments hush'd we glimpse thy face,
And in its light that time we trace
When wars shall cease,
And good increase,
Wisdom direct, protect, and lead,
When nations rule by love, not greed—
One moment do we catch the gleam,
And lo, our hope is but a dream!

Two thousand years have passed away,
Since angels sang their joyful lay,
The stars were dimmed, the earth was still
To hear their song of "Peace, good-will."
O Peace, that morn
Thy Prince was born
The Prince of Peace who knew no peace,
But toil and care without surcease—
A lonely cross, a crown of thorns—
To this thy Prince, O Peace, was born.

Yet, "Peace be still" calmed Galilee,
His parting gift, "My peace I leave with thee!"
Within our hearts his peace alone we find
The world gives not—there is no other kind.
Above the battle's din and roar
The singing lark is seen to soar;
Beneath the ocean's wind-toss'd wave
The quiet waters lap and lave.
When human hearts give thee a home,
O Peace, the age of gold will come.

IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE

If I were twenty-one, I would underwrite good health by a balanced diet, abstaining from all abuses, and taking five miles of oxygen each day on the hoof.

If I were twenty-one, I would find my recreation, not in reading about games or in watching them, but in playing them

If I were twenty-one, I would choose some trade or profession in which my imagination would have freedom of action, and learn to like work for its own sake.

If I were twenty-one, I would preserve the health of my mind by feeding it less newspaper and more history, biography and Bible.

If I were twenty-one, I would strive each day to do something myself for some less fortunate individual, rather than pay someone else to do it.

If I were twenty-one, I would begin each day by thinking of something beautiful, remembering that in life as in a mirror, you never get more out than you put in.

If I were twenty-one, I would build my life on the conviction that I am not a mortal body which has but an immortal spirit which has a body spirit and I would take time each day to commune with God. — Samuel Macauley Lindsay.

HUMANE CODE OF HONOR

By W. F. H. Wentzel

1. I will apply the Golden Rule in dealing with man or beast.

2. I will give up my pleasure or gain to aid a creature in distress.

3. I will unselfishly respect the rights and feelings of others.

4. Anything which gives pain to another will not be pleasure to me.

5. I will be considerate, and merciful in my acts.

6. I will seek to change sadness or suffering to happiness or comfort.

7. Though others scorn, I will resist all acts of cruelty.

8. I will seek humane excellence above selfish desires.

9. I will fill my life with deeds of kindness and acts of love.

10. I will be "A friend in time of need" even to the humblest of creatures.

11. I will speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.

12. I will seek to keep alive within me that spark of human greatness called sympathy.

LIFE

To seek truth with an open and unprejudiced mind; to establish a common fellowship with all that sweetens, ennobles and consoles; to make of enemies friends, striving to be worthy of them; to find joy in something beautiful that the hand of man has made, and to find pleasure in work well done; to do more than the stern behest of duty demands; to play with alacrity until the body glows with health; to see epics in every hedge-row and poems in every bush; to consort with stars and yet not lose the touch with common things; to dance with atoms and not be dulled to the lure of the distant horizon; to measure the deeds of charity by urgent needs; to write smiles on children's faces, sing songs into old people's hearts; to soften hardened hands, horny with unremitting toil, by an understanding touch of tenderness; to fill the lonely heart with the companionship of one still lonelier; to soften grief by allowing others to share theirs; to look into an open grave with fear-cleansed soul, and to gaze up into the midnight sky with abounding assurance that life is wonderful, and that it means well, now and forevermore. Behold this is what it means to live, to prosper, and to be happy!

Argow.

WE SEE GOD

We see God in the slow, majestic processes of creation; we see Him in the reaches of terrible power in the universe; we see Him in the immense revolutions of the stars, and in the wonderful structure of the little insect, just perceptible to the most powerful microscope, on the leaf of the little plant; we see Him in the long years which, in the geological ages, preceded the formation of this earth. Everywhere that divine power is working around us. We see it in all the beauty which is manifested in the mountains, clouds, and seas, and brooks, and sunrise; in all the history of the human race; in childhood and youth, and society; in business, in pain, and in joy; in all the riches of the world; because in all of them there is some manifestation of the divine truth and love.

James Freeman Clarke.

WHAT IS LIBERALISM?

Liberalism — and I have no great love for the word—may be conceived as the mood of tne explorer, who notes the facts as he goes along. He does not know beforehand what he is going to

find over the mountain or across the next river or lake. He learns as he goes, and adjusts his beliefs to his increasing information.

We have only just begun to explore man's nature and the world in which he is placed. We have methods of research which were not available a century ago.

Dogmas — ancient teachings which are protected in various ways from the fermentive influence of increasing knowledge — are still congenial to a creature such as man. But, while they are harmless, their chance of being suited to the present needs and best insight of men is so slight that we should have no least hesitation in calling them in question. The open-minded will do this so far as their powers permit.

Open-mindedness, like dogma, demands faith and loyalty. It is a lofty ideal and one implying a new type of the mortification of the flesh—a new conception of righteousness and salvation.

Whether one strives to fulfill the behests of ancient dogma or to follow those of open-mindedness, he will often stumble and have his moments of contrition and his renewals of faith.

But the new gospel of open-mindedness places far more onerous restraints on our natural impulses than did the old. It has its promises and its rewards—sometimes its beautific vision, but these glories are as yet for the scattered few. Yet the communion of saints grows daily.

James Harvey Robinson.

LET MY LIFE SING

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind,
Make me too understanding, too, to mind
The little hurts companions give, and friends,
The careless hurts that no one quite intends;
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so.
Help me to know
The inmost hearts of those for whom I care,
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear,
That I may add my courage to their own.
May I make lonely folks feel less alone,
And happier ones a little happier; yet
May I forget
What ought to be forgotten, and recall
Unfailing all
That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing,
Forgetting what might sting.
To all upon my way
Day after day
Let me be joy, be hope. Let my life sing.

—Mary Carolyn Davies, in The Postal.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, but rather to ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate wide open—these even for a day? Then you are worthy of a place in this world.

Selection by Henry van Dyke.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The following article is copied from a recent number of The Living Church, the leading Church paper of the Episcopal Church in the United States. It speaks for itself.

Vivisection

We call the attention of our readers to the anti-vivisection movement, which has recently brought out sympathetic letters from such Churchmen as William Mercer Green, William Hoster, James E. Freeman, Harry S. Longley, James Winchester, Frederick B. Howden, William P. Shearer, and Arthur J. Dessaerte, endorsing the Dog Exemption Bill now in the United States senate and known as Bill S. 2146.

The tortures endured by animals in medical laboratories are extremely horrible, and may be read in medical journals from which abstracts are sent out by the Vivisection Investigation League, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City, copies of which may be had from any anti-vivisection society. All this torture, we are informed, is necessary in the interest of progress and for the benefit of humanity. But Hamilton Fisk Bigger, A. M., M. D., LL. D., tells us that "vivisection, unfortunately, is too frequently performed for no other purpose than to advertise the vivisectors, or for the gratification of the vivisector's curiosity."

It is claimed that the animals are first anesthetized, then vivisected. Official returns on animal experimentation in England for 1930 show: 432,519 without anesthetics, with anesthetics 18,303. I have no figures on experiments in this country where there is no pretense at regulating vivisection, but it can easily be believed that vivisection, or animal experimentation, without anesthetics is even larger.

In addition to the cruelty practised by vivisection on the animals there is to be considered the callousness which must result in the atrophy of the finer attributes of the vivisectors themselves, by his or her calculating infliction of pain on the dumb, helpless creatures in their power; also the demoralizing fact that numbers of these animals are stray or stolen pets.

Cruelty has no part in the teaching of Christ. It is its very opposite. Not by any mental adroitness can Christians persuade themselves that Jesus Christ would lend His presence or give His blessing to the deliberate cruelty practised in laboratories as published in medical journals. Nor can they believe "that God should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge which it is His will that we should master, only through the unutterable agonies of His creatures."

Cruelty to animals and cruelty to humans spring from the same source of evil. Fourteen hundred humane societies from all parts of the world were received on April 21st, by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, before the Disarmament League at Geneva, where cruelty to animals was forcibly denounced with the object of showing that protection of animals and humane education is part of the movement of universal peace.

Some leading magazines and papers have referred to anti-vivisectionists as racketeers, hyterical and misguided ladies, controlling great wealth. Investigate and judge for yourself. No doubt occasional self-seekers do creep in, but where are they not found?

Sentiment against cruelty is not enough. Active co-operation of Churchmen against the horrible practice of vivisection is necessary to prove that the same Chrst spirit which controlled the early Church is still with us.

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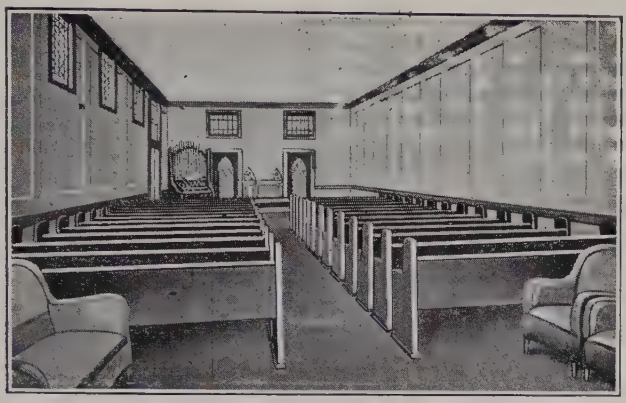

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